

Ariel Pink, Hobbies Galore

nobody's here quiet soft air
play solitarian life
i notice my hands giving me loud applause
if you're a goat you don't mind

gee it's great to be home
hobbies galore
don't you engage in a craft
don't you like it alone
locked behind doors
made the test you're the best
passing the grade every time

busy in love cutting up stuff
writing the melodies light
ten pounds a day isn't the kind of bread
one would expect to be mine

but there's always home
hobbies galore
why doesn't somebody talk
don't you like me a lot
locked behind doors
where you at where'm i at
walking the floors onto you

nobody's here what would i care
painting the musical night
throw me away apathy blinded you
just when my hobbies are right

but there's always home
hobbies galore
don't you engage in a craft
don't you like it alone
locked behind doors
where'm i at where you at
walking the floors onto you

i'm growing through you
i'm going to to display my
hobbies galore just for you